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Rhyme Without Reason.

A pretty deer is dear to me,
A hare with downy hair;
I love a hart with all my heart,
But barely bear a hare.
'Tis plain that no one takes a plane
To pare a pair of prance,
A rake, though, often takes a rake
And tears away the tares.
All raze raise rhyme, time raze all,
And through whole wares holes wear,
A right, in writing "rite," may write
It "right," and still be wrong;
For "write" and "rite" are neither "right,"
And don't to "wright" belong.
By often brings a bier to man,
Coffin, a coffin brings;
And too much ale will make us all,
As well as some other things.
That person lies who says he lies,
When he is not reclining;
And when consumptive folks decline,
They all decline declining.
A quail won't quail amidst a storm,
A bough will bow before it;
We cannot rain rain at all;
No earthly powers reign o'er it.
The dyer dyes awhile; then dies;
To dye he's always trying,
Until, upon his dying bed,
He thinks no more of dyeing.
A son of Mars may have a son;
All deys must have their days;
And every knight should pray at night
To him who weighs his ways.
'Tis meet that man should mete out meat
To feed misfortune's son;
The fair should fare on love alone,
Else one can not be won.
A lass, alas! is sometimes false;
Of faults a maid is made;
Her waist is but a barren waste;
Though stout she is not staid.
The springs spring forth in spring; and
shoots
Shoot forward, one and all,
Tough summer kills the flowers, it leaves
The leaves to fall in fall.

I would a story here commence,
But you might find it stale;
So let's suppose that we have reached
The tail end of our tale.

Advice to Young Men.

In his valedictory address, the ex-Lord
Rector of Glasgow University, Sir E. Bal-
liver-Lytton, lately offered the following ex-
cellent maxims to the students:

Never affect to be better than what you are
either richer or wiser. Never be ashamed
to say "I do not know." Men will then say
"I do know." Never be ashamed to say,
when applied to for time or money, I can-
not afford it; I cannot afford to waste an
hour in the idleness to which you invite
me. I cannot afford the guinea you ask me
to throw away.

Once establish yourself and your mode of
life as what they really are and your foot is
on solid ground whether for the gradual step
onward or for the sudden spring over the
precipice. From these maxims let me de-
duce another.

Learn to say "No" with decision.
Yes, with caution. No, with decision
whenever it meets a temptation; Yes with
caution whenever it implies a promise. A
promise given is a bond inviolable. A man
is already of consequence in the world when
it is known that he can implicitly rely upon
him. I have frequently seen such a man
preferred to a long list of applicants for
some important charge; he has been lifted
at once into station and fortune merely be-
cause he had this reputation—that when he
says he knows; and when he says he will do
a thing, he will do it.

A friend of ours was congratulating
himself upon having recently taken a very
pleasant trip. Upon inquiry we found that
he had tripped and fell into a young lady's

From the Golden Prize.
The two Suicides, or, A New Cure for
Low Spirits.

There were two certain men living in a
village near New York. The one, still
young and immensely rich; the other, some-
what past the vigor of life, and extremely
poor. At the splendid mansion of the first,
there was a continual succession of feasting,
playing, and dancing; the most consequen-
tial persons in the village frequenting his
gilded parlors. At the humble cabin of the
second, there was always a succession of
fasting days, and of new miseries.

The rich man had not married, as he de-
sired to remain free, and pass his days in
idleness and extravagance, and hence he
knew nothing of the pleasures or unhappy
hazards of labor. The poor man, on the
contrary, was the father of an honest and
laboring family, having many children, and
a wife in ill health; he had been, despite
his industry, so unfavored in his business,
as to be reduced to the last necessity—being
too proud to beg, and not knowing how to
longer procure the bread he and his family
required.

The rich man had so much abused the
pleasures of the world, that he had be-
come sick of everything, and was dying of
ennui.

The poor man, thus reduced to extreme
poverty, was dying of despair.

On the same day, and the same hour,
these two men entered a thick forest near
the village. Both were so completely ab-
sorbed in their sinister purpose, that they
did not see nor hear each other.

The rich man untied his magnificent
satin cravat, and made a slip-knot in the
end, fastening the other to one of the lower
limbs of a snaky oak, and saying:

"I am sufficiently disgusted! Life is a
miserable farce! I'll take myself out of the
way!"

The poor man took a piece of bed-cord
from his pocket, made a slip-knot on one
end, and passed it over the crook of a wil-
low, at no great distance from the oak.

"God forgive me!" he said; "but I can
no longer endure this miserable life. My
children are dying of hunger, and my wife
is deathly sick. When I shall be no more,
doubtless some charitable person will take
pity upon them!"

The rich man raised his eyes, for the last
time towards Heaven, and, through a chink
in the wood, his eye fell upon the poor man,
who was on the verge of "swinging off."

"What are you doing there?" he cried.

The poor man turned his eyes in the di-
rection from which the voice seemed to
proceed.

"It strikes me," he said, "that I am doing
just what you do."

"But what right have you to hang yourself
here? This forest belongs to me. Go and
hang yourself somewhere else!"

"A man ought to have the privilege of
hanging himself wherever he pleases," said
the poor man, as he slipped his head out of
the noose; "but I will not complain. I do
not wish to disturb your last moments, and
will go and hang myself in some other
spot."

The rich man was touched by these sim-
ple words. He also slipped his head out of
the fatal noose, advanced towards his com-
panion, and said:

"What under heavens do you wish to
hang yourself for—you?"

"I might ask you the same question, I
suppose, by way of reply, but I frankly say,
I am so wretched, and my family is in such
want, that I can no longer support this un-
happy existence!"

"What! is that all the trouble? Kill
yourself for want of a little money? See
here! behind the medicine for that sort of
thing!" and he instantly gave him a hand-
ful of gold. "And now," he added, "fare-
well!"

The poor man was moved to tears, and
could not believe his ears nor his eyes.
"My children, my dear children!" he said;
"my dear wife! I shall see you all once
more!"

There was something so touching in the
voice of the poor man, that his benefactor
felt deeply moved in his heart. He allowed
himself to be detained by the grateful man,
who cried:

"Come with me to my humble home, and
enjoy, for a few moments, the happiness of
which you have been the cause. Come!"

he was disgusted, and found nothing worthy
of his notice or attention.

"Have you tried your hand at doing good?"
"Doing good? Not mankind are a set
of ungrateful wretches. I have scattered
gold by the handful, but have not succeeded
in making anything more than fawners
and datterers, with whom I am out of all
sorts of patience."

"But you deceive yourself, sir. Look at
the good your gift to me will do, and be-
lieve me when I say, that I shall be devoted
to you forever."

"Perhaps so," muttered the rich man, with
an air of doubt.

"Have you labored?"
"Labored! Why should I work? I am
rich enough already!"

"But labor is a law and necessity to ev-
ery man. He who avoids it will repent, some
day or other."

Thus conversing, the twain reached the
poor man's cabin, where all was mourning
and gloom. A few words explained all, and
the overjoyed wife and children cast them-
selves at the feet of rich man, who could
not refrain from tears of joy, at seeing how
happy they were at their unexpected good
fortune.

When the rich man went home, there
was a great fount of joy in his soul.

"Doing good," he said, "is the greatest
pleasure of living."

He felt at peace with himself and every-
body. Often going to visit his new friends,
he learned that the poor man had invented
a valuable machine, which he was not able
to bring into use, because of his want of
means. The rich man accordingly associat-
ed himself with the poor man, and they
thus rendered great service to each other,
and to the cause of industrial progress, be-
coming widely known and respected. Since
then, the rich man has espoused the daugh-
ter of his partner, and they are about to be
married, much to the joy of this deponent,
who can vouch for her beauty and merit.

May the bridegroom never have occasion to
lament the day when he was so singularly
saved, and so fortunately saved another,
from hanging!

F. C. B.

Items for House-Keepers.

Do everything in its proper time.
Keep everything in its proper place.
Always mend clothes before washing
them.

Alum or vinegar is good to set colors of
red, green or yellow.

Salt soda will bleach; one spoonful is
enough for a kettle of clothes.

Save your suds for garden or plants, or to
harden yards when sandy.

Wash your tea-trays with cold soda, pol-
ish with a little flour, and wipe with a dry
cloth.

Frozen potatoes make more starch than
fresh ones. They make nice cake.

A hot shovel, held over varnished furni-
ture, will take out white spots.

A bit of blue, dissolved in skim-milk and
water, will restore faded beauty and rusty
old crape.

Ribbons of any kind should be washed in
old soap-suds, and not rinsed.

If your flat-irons are rough, rub them well
with fine salt, and it will make them smooth.

If you are buying a carpet for durability,
you must choose small figures.

A bit of soap rubbed on the hinges of
doors will prevent their creaking.

Scotch snuff put on the holes where crick-
ets come out will destroy them.

Wood ashes and common salt, wet with
water, will stop the cracks of a stove, and
prevent the smoke from escaping.

Green should be the prevailing color of
bed-hangings and window drapery.

Taking out the Poison.

A bee, while lay sleep young Dolly,
Mistook her red lips for the rose;
There honey to seek were no folly,
No flower so sweet ever blows.

It tickled, and waked her; when clasping
Her hand on the impudent bee,
It stung her; and Dolly, caught napping
Came pouting and crying to me.

Said she, 'Take the sting out, I pray you';
What way I was puzzled to try,
And a trifling wager I'd lay you,
You'd have been as much puzzled as I.

I'd heard about sucking out poison—
A sting is a poisonous dart—
So I kissed her—the act was no wise one;
The sting found its way to my heart.

Abolitionism Controlling the Republi-
can Party.

A few opposition journals deny this posi-
tion, but that it is so, no conservative Re-
publican can deny, unless he is wilfully
blind. It is proclaimed that the platform of
the Ohio Republican Convention will be
that of the Republican party generally. Its
positions are cordially endorsed by the Re-
publican press generally as sound Republi-
canism. Such being the case it becomes a
matter of interest to inquire as to the con-
trolling influences in that Convention, and
the character of its action. GIDDINGS was
its master spirit. His home organ, the Ash-
tabula "Sentinel," regards it as a triumph
of radical Republicanism. With the ex-
planation that the Convention was held on
Thursday, we quote the following extract
from that paper to show which sentiment
ruled:

"Through the whole of Wednesday, until
late at night, the contest was maintained
with firmness. Each party appeared con-
fident. The radical Republicans offered the
nomination to those of the Central or Sou-
thern portions of the State, provided they
would name a 'reliable' man. Several
named were entirely acceptable to the more
devoted friends of Liberty; but they were
directly in better positions and would not
accept the nomination. Judge Giddings was
named, and such assurances of his posi-
tions given THAT THE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM
AGREED TO ACCEPT HIM, IF THE PARTY SHOULD
RE-AFFIRM THEIR HATRED OF THE FUGITIVE
SLAVE LAW, AND JUDGE GIDDINGS ACCEPT
THE NOMINATION BEFORE HIM."

Now as to the action of the Convention.
The Republicans of O., take ground against
the Fugitive Slave Law, and either demand
its repeal or nullification. In the first place
they say:

We demand the repeal of the Fugitive
Slave Act of 1850, as it is subversive of
both the rights of the States and the liber-
ties of the people, and as contrary to the
plainest duties of humanity and justice, and
abhorrent to the moral sense of the civilized
world.

That they were ready to nullify the law
is evidenced by the fact that they demand-
ed that action of the Supreme Court of their
State and they refused to re-nominate Judge
SWAN, because his constitutional obligations
were adverse to the ruling sentiment in the
Republican-organization. How will old
Whigs—and such were most of the modern
Republicans reconcile these sentiments
with those avowed by the party at its last
National Convention! The Whig Platform
of 1852 declared as follows:

That the series of acts of the Thirty-
first Congress—THE ACT KNOWN AS THE FUGI-
TIVE SLAVE LAW INCLUDED—were received
and acquiesced in by the Whig party of
the United States as a settlement, in PRIN-
CIPLE AND SUBSTANCE, of the dangerous and
exciting questions which they embrace;
and, so far as they are concerned, we will
MAINTAIN THEM, AND INSIST UPON ENFORCE-
MENT, until time and experience shall de-
monstrate the necessity of further legisla-
tion to guard against the evasion of the laws
on the one hand, and the abuse of the
powers on the other, NOT IMPAIRING THEIR
PRESENT EFFICIENCY, and we deprecate all
further agitation of the questions thus set-
tled as dangerous to our peace, and will dis-
countenance all efforts to continue or re-
new such agitation, WHEREVER, WHEREVER,
OR HOWEVER THE ATTEMPT MAY BE MADE;
and we will maintain this system as essen-
tial to the nationality of the Whig party
and the integrity of the Union.

Who sustained and passed the present fu-
gitive Slave law! It received the approval
of a Whig Administration. It was signed
by a Whig President, and was sustained by
WEBSTER and CLAY, and JOHN BELL, now
in high favor with the opposition party, by
EDWARD STANTLEY, by WM. H. BISSELL, some-
body.

now the Republican Governor of Illinois,
and a host of other such men. DAN. WES-
TER, when the bill was under discussion in
the Senate in 1850 said of the law:

"The principle of the restitution of run-
away slaves, is not objectionable, UNLESS
THE CONSTITUTION IS OBJECTIONABLE. If the
Constitution is right in that respect the
principle is right, AND THE LAW PROVIDING
FOR CARRYING IT INTO EFFECT IS RIGHT."

Again, in 1851, in a speech at Buffalo, he
said:

"Do you find among all those
persons who oppose this fugitive slave law
any admission whatever that any law ought
to be passed to carry into effect the solemn
stipulation of the constitution? Tell me if
any such case, tell me if any resolution
was passed by the convention at Syracuse
favoring the carrying out of the constitu-
tion? Not one!

The fact is, gentlemen, they oppose the
whole—they oppose the whole—not a man
of them admits that there ought to be any
law on the subject. They deny altogether
that the provisions of the constitution ought
to be carried into effect. Well, what do
they say? Look at the proceedings of the
anti-slavery conventions in Ohio, Massachu-
setts, and at Syracuse, in the State of New
York. What do they say? That, so help
them God, no colored man shall be sent
back to his master in Virginia. Don't they
say that! And for the fulfillment of that,
they pledge their lives, their fortunes and
their sacred honor. [Laughter.] Their sac-
red honor! [Laughter.] They pledge their
sacred honor to violate the laws of their coun-
try; they pledge their sacred honor to resist
their execution; they pledge their sacred
honor to commit treason against the laws of
the country. God bless them and help them
who pledged their sacred honor in such a
cause.

How will the votes and sentiments of the
Whigs of 1852, a party which ever adhered
to the constitutional obligations imposed
upon the citizen, compare with those an-
nounced by the Ohio Republicans? Can any
Republican who sympathized with the whig
party of 1852 and its gallant leaders, follow
the Republican party in declaring what
they admitted to be right and just but seven
years ago, to be now "abhorrent to the
moral sense of the civilized world!" After
a review of Whig principles and policy, can
any sensible person doubt where Republi-
canism is now tending, in fact the point it
has already reached! The present position
of the Republican party was denounced as
abolitionism by the whigs of 1852. If the
whig party regarded it as its duty then to
"discontinue all efforts to continue or
renew this agitation, (abolitionism) when-
ever, wherever, or however the attempt be
made," is it any the less the duty of those
who subscribed to this declaration then to
adhere to it now!—[State Sentinel.]

The following item should be passed
round, copied into newspapers, cut out and
pasted up, and kept going until its sugges-
tion is universally understood and practiced:

"I AND J.—There are no two letters in
the manuscript alphabet of the English lan-
guage which occasion so much trouble or
cause so much misconception, as the two
letters I and J, as many inadvertently,
write them. The rule for writing them pro-
perly, and which should be universally un-
derstood and adopted, is to extend the J
below the line, while the I should be writ-
ten even with the line. If those who write
I for J know how it sometimes puzzled the
printers, they would remember the above
suggestion."

"George, what does c-a-t spell?"
"Don't know, sir."
"What does your mother keep to catch
mice?"
"A trap, sir."
"No, no. What animal is fond of milk?"
"A baby, sir."
"You dunce. What was it scratched your
sister's face?"
"My nails, sir."
"I'm out of patience. There, do you see
that animal on the fence?"
"Yes, sir."
"Then tell me what c-a-t spells, will you?"
"Kitten, sir."

A gentleman having a horse that ran
away and broke his wife's neck, was told by
a neighboring Squire that he wished to pur-
chase it for his wife to ride upon. "No,"
says the other, "I intend to marry again my-
self."

The Columbus Democrat says a fan-
tastic young lady of that place was greatly
shocked the other day on hearing a gardener
remark that male and female strawberry
plants were frequently found occupying the
same bed.